

For the Children

THE IRISH ROBIN.

(An Irish Legend.)

Of all the merry little birds that live up in a tree
And carol from the sycamore and chestnut,
The prettiest little gentleman that dearest is to me
Is the one in coat of brown and scarlet waistcoat.
It's cockit little Robin!
And his head he keeps a-bobbin'.
Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose him,
For he sings so sweetly still
Through his tiny, slender bill,
With a little patch of red upon his bosom.

When the frost is in the air and the snow upon the ground,
To other little birdies so bewilderin'
Picking up the crumbs near the window he is found,
Singing Christmas stories to the children,
Of how two tender babes
Were left in woodland glades
By a cruel man who took 'em there to lose 'em;
But Bobby saw the crime
(He was watching all the time)!
And he blushed a perfect crimson on his bosom.

When the changing leaves of autumn around us thickly fall,
And everything seems sorrowful and saddening,
Robin may be heard on the corner of a wall
Singing what is solacing and gladdening.
And sure, from what I've heard,
He's God's own little bird,
And sings to those in grief just to amuse 'em;
But once he sat forlorn
On a cruel Crown of Thorn,
And the blood it stained his pretty little bosom.

—Selected.

THE BURIAL OF BEAUTY SPOT.

By Mary Hoge Wardlaw.

"He was the nestlingest little old pet," moaned Lottie.

"And the climbingest little old rascal," responded Chess, matching the big word, and echoing the moan.

"I think it was perfectly outrageous of Uncle Robert to rock on him," continued Lottie.

"Perfectly outrageous," agreed Chess, unequal to another big word on his own account at such short notice.

"Oh, but Chess, you oughtn't to say that! Uncle Robert was as sorry as anything! And he worked with poor little Beauty Spot, and he 'plied all kinds of 'storatives, and gave us this elegant cigar box for his coffin, and he's going to —"

"I know all that," replied Chess, calmly, digging away at the little grave, "I just said what you said."

"I 'spec' these are enough wreaths," said Lottie, wisely changing the subject. Her lap was full of Pretty-by-nights, and she was inserting the taper tip of one blossom into the cup of another, until her chains were long enough to link into circles.

"Now for a teeny-weensy rose-bud to lay in his poor little paws. There's just one comfort, Chess. If little old Beauty Spot had to die, it's a good thing he died Sunday."

"So we can play funeral?"

"So we can have a funeral," corrected Lottie. "We

had to beg for it a long time, though, didn't we? Mother said it seemed too much like playing, for Sunday. But she saw we were 'most broken-hearted, so she let us. 'Twould be a beautiful play, though, if people weren't broken-hearted."

"You know you promised I could be the preacher," reminded Chess.

"What sort of sermon do you s'pose you can preach?" inquired Lottie.

"I can tell what a 'cute little kitty he was, and all that, and we can sing, and then I can say 'Twinkle, twinkle', or 'What does little birdie say?' or —"

"Much they'd fit a cat!"

"Well, we can get Uncle Wobert. There he comes, now."

"He's bringing the tomb stone," exclaimed Lottie. "What did you write on it, Uncle Robert?"

"Well, nothing, as yet," confessed the young man, with a queer laugh. "Are you still going ahead with your melancholy preparations?"

"Of course, Uncle Robert," cried Lottie, indignantly.

"All right, I merely inquired, I'll get to work at once."

"Lottie made a real pretty piece of poetry about him," said Chess. "Tell it, Lottie."

"It won't do," lamented the little girl. "I get such good starts, and the I just break down. It begins."

"Here lies our darling Beauty Spot,
The special kitten of Chess and Lot."

"I hardly knew what to do there," said the conscientious Lottie, "because nobody calls me Lot, but it didn't sound so awful as Beauty Spot. And a person's name ought to be written right on their eppertaph. —the next line is:

"He was stepped on by a rocker."

"But that's a hard word to get a rhyme to, anyway, and I wanted a Bible verse; the golden text today is just the thing,—

"Wine is a mocker, only—"

"Only she didn't think it would be appropriate," shouted Chess, triumphantly anticipating his sister's use of "the big, round word."

"I'm glad she took that view of it," murmured the young gentleman, who was responsible for the accident. "It might have been misleading."

"Now, Uncle Robert, begged Lottie, "you make up some poetry. You never get stuck."

"I'll do my best, honey. And if all is ready, hadn't Chess better go and bring—" he paused, sympathetically.

"He's under the lilac bush, Chess," said Lottie, falteringly. "Be very gentle. Begin, Uncle Robert."

And Uncle Robert, casting his eyes pensively down, began.

"Oh, Beauty Spot, our household pet,
Methinks I feel thy presence yet.

I can see thy pleading eyes
Wherein a mystic shadow lies.

See thy dear, three-cornered face,

Watch thy wild and bounding grace."

"It's beautiful," sighed Lottie, wiping away the falling tears.